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POETRY.

A TRIBUTE TO CHARLEY.

The following lines are dedicated to Mrs. DAY, on the death of her son, March 2, 1854, BY MRS. H. B. SPAULDING.

Dear lovely Charley, once thou wast mine,
Or once I thought and called thee so,
Till Heaven bid me thee resign,
To Him who all my sorrows know.

Ever spring's earliest flowers have bloomed,
Or feathered songsters filled the grove,
We've laid thee, darling, in the tomb,
With harps upon the willows hung.

Thy playthings all, are laid aside,
Thy wardrobe, Love, is put away,
Thy vacant chair, removed, beside,
And hushed the sound of mirthful play.

And hushed the piping voice of prayer
Sweet music to thy mother's ear,
Christ called thee, little one, so fair,
To that fair land, that knows no tear.

Dear one, I miss thee sadly now,
In fancy oft, thy form I see,
Thy silken curls, around thy brow,
And hear thy shouts of joyous glee.

Dear Charley, there, at eve I miss,
At the twilight's deepening shade,
Thy lovely, laughing, good night kiss,
Then all thy mother's care repaid.

In sweetest tones I seem to hear,
"Mother," in that loved charming voice,
Those sparkling eyes, so full of cheer,
Have often caused me to rejoice.

Again I hear a mournful sigh,
A languid moan from him I loved;
And must my stricken bow now die?
My only one, my much-beloved?

Yes, thou art on thy dying couch,
Beneath a bright and vernal sky,
A paler resting on thy brow,
A death shade in thy tearful eye.

Safe in thy home of light, dear love,
Angels spirits gather round thee,
There in the Paradise above,
Sweet cherub, wait, till mother greets thee.

Flow on, thou stream of life, flow on,
To eternity's vast ocean glides,
Then savior, take me for thine own,
And nothing else I ask beside.

Miscellaneous.

THE BORDER OUTRAGE.

In the early settlement made below Vicksburg, Miss., there was a miserable want of law and morals. Might became right, and weak handed justice stood but a poor chance to be felt or even heard.

Amongst the rascally reprobates that infested the land, living by no honest labor, and no useful end, was one Eugene Damon, a gambler by profession, a bully by practice, the terror of the more peaceable portion of the citizens. Damon was a married man, and what is strange, his wife was as much of the rowdy as he was, traveling with him in all his excursions, assisting him in time of need by counsel; and, unless common report scandalized her, lending a strong hand occasionally, when a strong hand was needed.

For several years this couple resided near a town I will call Wilder, a place now deserted, wrecked in the banking hurricane of 1837.

There they occupied a neat one story dwelling of their own, and when not absent upon professional excursions, there kept open house to all whose hand was against every man, as theirs was.

This class of beings cannot be said in the long run, to enjoy much happiness, but they make up the deprivation by enjoying themselves very fast, when they get it. This accounted for the uproarious singing and shouting that invariably accompanied their orgies at Damon's dwelling, and for the ferreted look of their eyes, observant on days subsequent.

Nobody ever fought there, however, for the proprietor always commenced his feasts with the avowal "that he had a character to sustain," and made every one of his guests surrender his knife and pistol into his keeping until the end of the spree.

Thus, while every public meeting at Wilder produced its fist fighting, shooting and stabbing there never was a difficult "Devil with devil damned firm concord hold; men only disagree!" I question whether Milton was ever more aptly quoted in his life.

In the town of Wilder traded the substantial firm of Fannestock, Beverly & Co., produce and commission merchants. I say the substantial firm, for while other houses smashed without assets of any sort, this establishment paid fifteen cents on the dollar; and so remarkable was this event considered at the time, that it was proposed in New York to present them with a service of plate. The house had

just received a remittance of funds on account of some shipments of cotton, to the very handsome amount of four thousand dollars. It was duly locked up in the iron safe in the counting room, and the partners retired to their homes, confident in its security as they were in their own solvency. But when the store was unlocked next morning, the safe, and its contents, were found to be wrenched open, the money drawer empty, and the valuable packet abstracted.

Vain would be an attempt to describe the scene. Fannestock collapsed Beverly, and demanded the money. Beverly chased the Co. into the street, and Co screamed fire, murder and thieves, all in a breath to know who left the store last. People crowded in from all parts, to find F., gasping in his chair, B., cutting up the most extravagant pantomimes, and the Co., dissolved in uncontrollable anguish. It was a pitiful sight, that affair was. The danger of a man's falling from grace never excited half so much distress in the hearts of the actors as the loss of that money.

Among the lookers on and by far the least concerned of any, appeared Eugene Damon, who examined the pick-lock with a shrewd smile, and vouchsafed it with his opinion, "That it was a juicy thing!" language that certainly meant something though none of the bystanders understood what. Great rewards were forthwith offered to induce the thieves to be honest. The temptation held out even went so far as to propose to give five hundred dollars, and no questions asked, if the money were returned. But as this involved the clear loss of three thousand five hundred dollars cash already in hand, honesty remained at a discount, and the purloiners generally permitted the sufferers to ask as many questions as they pleased. Fannestock, Beverly & Co., never heard of their money afterwards!

The ambiguous language used by Damon had excited various suspicions which his free manner of living, and the flushness of his money market afterwards added considerable weight. So shrewd an individual could not but see, in the side-way glance and nutted remarks elicited by his passing down the street, each day that something was brewing; but like a man who has smelt rattlesnakes before, he only held his head the higher and walked by. His wife, to whom he imparted these suspicions, counseled him to prepare his weapons, but laughing at her fears, he continued his daily walks, with no other defence than the usual tools of a gambler, viz: a bowie and two braces of double barrel.

He had speedy cause to regret his carelessness, however, for while drinking at the Coffee House, one evening about dusk, he was suddenly seized from behind, blindfolded, gagged and conveyed to a skiff in the river, in which he was hurriedly rowed across to the opposite side before he could form the shadow of an idea what fate was contemplated for him.

Carrying him up the bank, his captors, four in all, led him half a mile back thro' the den, tied him to a holly tree, and opened the object of their lawless act.

One of them, easily recognised by his voice to be Dr. Veneer, in spite of his mask told him that he must tell them what he had done with the money, or they would whip him to death.

This short but comprehensive declaration was followed up by a display of their whips, four horrid instruments, triply thronged, and strong enough to went welts into the hide of an alligator.

The gambler had been schooled in a profession from which fear is banished. His trade had led him too often within the cracking shot of pistols and the cut of steel, and his reply was thundered out bold as Anverghes.

"Whip away, and be d—d; but if you don't kill me, I'll kill all four of you." It is not my purpose to detail the horrid scene—the trial of endurance on the part of brute strength on the other—suffice that the hardened ruffian was more than a match for the whole of them, and that although their thick whips were cloaked with blood, and their arms weary with the exercise, his indomitable spirit defied them to the last. As he fell into a faint they sat down, those four apprentice lynchers, to consult with each other.

It was past midnight. The sultry air of the river bottoms, occasionally heated by one of those breaths that so inexplicably meet the traveller in a summer night, gave evidence of a coming storm. The bite of the mosquitoes that choked the very air in clouds were distressing beyond all endurance, and as the half naked body of their prisoner hung backwards in the faintness, the stripes of bloody skin, torn loose by their whip lashes, were quite hidden by their black, eager forms. What should they do? The suggestion of Dr. Veneer could not be entertained for a moment; the reader may readily guess what it was. Finally, it was decided that Damon should remain hanging there until morning, and the party would then return.

To remain there among the mosquitoes! Far more kind to have adopted the shorter

plan of the Doctor's, and let the black mould of the cane brake cover its dead But thunder clouds were banking up on every side, and the regulators hurried to the river to get across in time, barely in time, to escape the storm.

Amidst the crashing of trees, and the howling of the blasts, the unpitied gambler returned to his senses. It had been the sleep of death, but those very stings had aroused the life within him to resist their horrid attacks. The dash of cold rain upon his exposed wounds was grateful to the fever that scorched his vitals, and still better, it drove away the mosquitoes. The lynchers were gone, that was sufficient evidence, he had not been whipped to death, as they threatened; and now, could he but clear away these cords, vengeance was within his reach. O, how that hope strengthened his sinews to strain, and hardened his very teeth to gnaw at the very strong fibres that bound him. What a horrid laugh issued from his lungs, as the first bands gave way. With what an exulting bound he sprang from the holly tree, whose virgin bark was now first stained by human blood, and with his right hand extended towards the Thunderer's throne, vowed death to the four, or death to himself!

But little he heeded now the torn skin or gashed flesh upon his back, he dashed the candles aside, and at a run reached the bank. A half a mile up stream brought him to a farm house and wood yard, where a small skiff without oars, was fastened to a bank by a chain and lock. Tearing off the fastenings, regardless of oars, he pushed off and by the aid of a basin that lay in the bottom of the skiff, propelled the boat across, but at a point some miles below the town.

By noon the next day he was lying, all unknown to any one except his wife, at his own house, in a state of high delirium. This continued for more than a month, during which time the strong minded woman hung over her bed by day and night, fed upon hopes of delicious revenge, nor suffered a living soul to know that her husband was there. A strong constitution carried the gambler through, and he was pronounced by his faithful nurse to be out of danger.

Then the twain sat for long hours, for hours that ran far into the night or morning, and devising their projects of revenge. There was no difference of sentiment between them as to the amount of the provocation, none as to the extent to which their vengeance should go. Death, death was the horrid sum total; but the details, these required consideration, and who of the doomed four should lead the way in the procession of ghosts? And in what manner should death be meted out to them? And when should the tower of Siloam fall?

So carefully had the heroine preserved the secret of her husband's return that her nearest neighbors did not suspect it. The four lynchers had discovered that Damon freed himself, but finding no evidence that he had ever made his escape from the cane-brake, they concealed the guilty mystery of his disappearance in their breasts.

Mrs. Damon caused an advertisement to be inserted in the town journal, offering a large reward for the discovery of her husband's body, supposed to be drowned about the night of July—. This step added to their assurance, and in a few weeks they began to breathe freely again.

But the avenger was in their path. A State's warrant was sworn out against the four for assault and battery on the person of Eugene Damon. Confronted with the accuser in the magistrate's court, they were identified by his plain, direct testimony, as well as by various circumstantial evidences, and put under the heaviest bonds to appear before the next Circuit Court.

But the bar before which they were to stand, and the judge with whom they were to be confronted were of a far higher character than those. For, as they sat in the presence of their friends, two of them having their wives and children present as they sat depressed in mind by the turn the affair was taking, Damon walked deliberately up to them, drew two double barreled pistols from his pockets, and with right and left hands, for he was ambidextrous, shot the four through the heart before a gesture or even a word could be interposed.

Vengeance was never more sudden or complete. The four young men, all in the prime of life, the crowd of horror stricken friends, the fury of the citizens, the dismay of the officers, must be conceived rather than described. Damon was borne to jail, placed in due time upon trial, and acquitted on the score of justification!

Do you see anything ridiculous in this? "Nothing but the head that's in it," was the reply.

Always suspect a man who has arrived at the age of thirty, and isn't attached to a piece of calico.

I WAIT FOR THEE.

The hearth is swept—the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread—the lamp is bright,
The white cake smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love, home, home, thy task is done;
The clock ticks listlessly,
The blinds are shut—the curtain down
The warm chair to the fireside drawn,
The boy is in on my knee.

Come home, love, home, his deep, fond eye,
Looks around him wistfully,
And when the whispering winds go by,
As if thy welcome step was nigh,
He crows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine,
So earnestly, that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain,
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here,
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No heart will spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the crisp walk fast
That well-known step doth come,
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last,
A thousand welcomes home.

Too Handsome for Anything.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents that they resorted to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sign of a book, and had as much plumcake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plumcake, and remained a child. Never, says the Greek Tragedian, "reckon on a man happy till you have seen his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too, and such an irresistible way of tying his neck-cloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nature of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The school-masters' wife liked handsome children—'What a genius will Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!' said she, to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is no use to take pains with him."
"And why, love?"
"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.
So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form!

They took our hero from school—"What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the Lord Chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."
The Lord Chancellor dined there that day; Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his Lordship was a little rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he, no; that will never do!—Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my Lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand a cornetcy in a regiment of dragoons.

Things are not gained by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him.

"He is a d—d ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "a horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Quintin, who was still uglier; "if he does not ride better he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalante, who was very good-looking; "if he does not ride better we will cut him!" said Col. Everdill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say Mr. Bumpwell to the riding-master! make the youngster ride less like a miller's sack!"

"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better." "And why the d—d will he not?" "Bless you, Colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.
"Very true!" said Lieut. St. Quintin.
"We must cut him," said the Colonel.
And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the regiment, and challenged the Colonel. The Colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the Colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.
The parents were in despair!—they were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard on the old uncle.

"He is very clever said they both, 'and may do yet.'"
So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in Parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He lagged like a dragon—conceded pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution.

He rose to speak.
"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.
"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and heaved! Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbors.
"Fairly broke down!" said another.
"Too fond of hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried a gentleman on the opposite benches.
Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a country member had been declared a phoenix upon half his merit.

"Not so!" thought the heroes of the corn laws.
"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business, either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilist of the set.
"He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker!" By Jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsome than ever, and the admiration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long since spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a h're lip and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero began his addresses.

Heaven! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one, "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person"—'handsome is that handsome does,' says another; 'he was turned out of the army and murdered his Colonel; never marry a beauty,' said a third; 'he can admire none but himself; he will have so many mistresses,' said a fourth; 'make you perpe ually jealous,' said a fifth; 'spend your fortune,' said a sixth, 'and break your heart,' said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover; especially so handsome a lover as Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor, and his coach maker, on strength of being Mr. Convolvulus. Time went on, and excurses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick, and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus: the former, though a baronet and a squire, was a banker and a man of business; he looked very distastefully at the Hyperion curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make my heir," said he—"I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she timidly, "to marry a man so admired, 'will you always be faithful?"

"By Heaven!" cried the lover—"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumlion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricule. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolence.

"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she, "for your sake, I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumlion!" "Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumlion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply.

Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator (who, I have before observed was a bit of a satirist), "my shares of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to—here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely brode—my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker, his good looks, will, no doubt, win him any heiress in to wn. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And the week following, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumlion!

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, a day or two after the dissolution of Parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney coach bound to the King's Bench—"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

W—, never was out of debt, or in funds, but he was possessed of philosophy enough not to let it trouble him. A friend once asked him:

"W—, how the deuce do you manage it! With such a load of debts as you labor under, I cannot imagine how you even sleep."

"My dear doctor you surprise me. My sleep is nothing; but how the devil my creditors close their eyes, is more than I can fathom."

W— is one of those light-hearted, devil-may-care men, who shed trouble as a goose does rain. When we last heard of him, he was out in Iowa, eating potatoes on shares.

A DOLLAR.—If you want to know precisely how much a dollar is worth, just try to borrow that amount from your most intimate friends. Perhaps you will get it, and then again perhaps you won't. If you have no occasion to ask, you can easily obtain it, but if the world honestly believes you need a dollar to save you from actual starvation, you will stand a remarkable good chance for Potter's Field before the dimes are forthcoming. Just try the experiment.

Diogenes gets off the following:—When a man sounds his own trumpet, be sure there's a crack in it. There are minds, as well as streets, that want draining. Many fall in love as they fall asleep, with their eyes shut. There is nothing more uncertain than 'a certain age.' He that confesses to one particular weakness has many more in reserve. Mammon ties as many marriage-knots as Cupid. A heart once given should be 'not transferable.'

Old Briggs asked us the other day, if we could tell why people almost invariably took a journey after marriage. We replied in the negative, and made application to him for information. "Because," exclaimed the misanthrope, "they seek for happiness, and feel satisfied that they will not find it at home. Briggs married when quite young, and his wife put on his inexpressibles the first week; so we concluded not to put too much dependence in his saying so."

Platform of the German Liberals of Ohio.

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS.

We hold the Constitution of the United States of America to be the best of any country; but we think it neither perfect nor past improving. We deem, especially, the following amendments and additions, which may be equally profitably embraced in the Constitution of each State, to be the most adequate and reasonable means to check the general corruption:

1. All elections to offices must be made directly by the people.

2. The people have the power to recall every representative, as soon as he misrepresents his constituents.

SLAVERY QUESTION.

All men are born equal and free. Adhering to that principle, we shall oppose any further extension of the slave territory, and advocate a final abolition of negro slavery. For the present we deem the following points essential:

1. Exclusion of slavery from all new territories.

2. Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, which we consider unconstitutional and inhuman.

LAND REFORM.

The public lands are the property of the people. They are not to be sold, nor given away to corporations or single States. But we are in favor of giving them freely to real settlers, without distinction of color, and not only to citizens, but also to those who have declared their intention to become citizens. But in order that the object hereby intended can be gained, it will be necessary to assist poor settlers from the national treasury in making their first outlays. We deem the accumulation of landed property in the hands of individuals to be dangerous to the republic, and we shall call, therefore, on our legislators to limit the accumulation by fixing a maximum.

IMMIGRATION.

The question of immigration is of such importance, that it must be made a national question. A department for colonization and immigration ought to be created.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The principle of liberty and that of despotism are so thoroughly opposed, that they cannot for any length of time exist together, without the one striving to annihilate the other, as the security of one can be established only by the destruction of the other. The law of self-preservation, therefore, makes it incumbent upon the Union to abandon the policy of neutrality, which was well enough in days gone by, and to take that position among the powers of the earth, to which the United States are destined, in the interest of humanity. Persons who have declared their intention to become citizens of the United States, are to be protected in their rights equally with those that are already citizens, and the more especially as they have forfeited, by the declaration of their intention to become citizens, the protection of their former sovereigns. In many cases such persons have become, by that very declaration, offenders against their former despotic masters.

POSTAL AFFAIRS.

We deem the utmost possible reduction of postage of letters, and the free transmission of newspapers and pamphlets through the post office, important means to facilitate the education of the people. Especially do we desire a perfect guaranty for the safe transmission of letters thro' the mails.

ADMINISTRATIVE QUESTIONS.

We are in favor of a reduction of all excessive salaries of public officers, for the abolishment of fees by the uniform introduction of fixed salaries; as only by those means can the dangerous office-hunting and corruption be effectually abolished. We also desire the abrogation of all unnecessary offices, which are merely a burthen to the people.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

We consider it self-evident that all public works in which not merely a town, city, or State, but the whole nation are interested, ought to be erected at the national expense; we deem the railroad to the Pacific to be a work of this kind.

RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS.

The Constitution guarantees us liberty of conscience. We therefore demand perfect liberty of faith, and disbelief, and perfect legal equalization of the same, although we deem religion an exclusively private affair; we deem it, on the other hand, our duty to oppose the power of the Church, whenever the same may interfere with the politics and the rights of individuals. We demand, therefore—

1. Abrogation of the Sunday laws.

2. Abrogation of Thanksgiving days.

3. Abrogation of public prayers in Congress and the Legislatures.

4. Exclusion of the Bible and other religious sectarian books from the Free Schools.

5. Repeal of every law which disqualifies individual citizens on